

12x1
12x1
Pleasure in a MINUTE.

O R,

The Amorous Adventure:

A

TALE

To which are Subjoyn'd,

The Grecian Dame, Dream of Venus, the Lover's Interrogatories, the Water-Engine, and other Love Poems.

Amor omnibus idem—

VIRG.

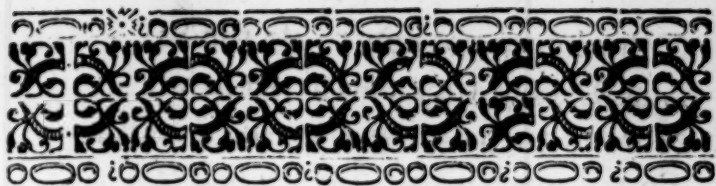


LONDON: Printed for A. DODD, at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*, M.DCC.XXX.

The CONTENTS.

P <i>Leasure for a Minute, or the Amorous ad- venture.</i>	pag. 1
<i>The Dream of Venus.</i>	12
<i>The Grecian Dame.</i>	13
<i>On Magick.</i>	14
<i>On a long Dash us'd in Poetry, &c.</i>	14
<i>The Tool.</i>	15
<i>The Water-Engine.</i>	16
<i>On Family-Government.</i>	17
<i>On the Race of Man.</i>	17
<i>The Lovers Interrogatories, or complying Cæ- lia.</i>	18, &c.

Pleasure



Pleasure for a Minute:

OR, THE

Amorous Adventure, &c.

PALEMON young, the brisk and gay,
Who's by God *Cupid* led astray,
Still rambles up and down the Town,
His Vices not ashamed to own ;
What if he drinks and whores a little,
If he's not made of Ware that's brittle,
He is the Fav'rite of the Fair,
Whilst of his Carcase he takes care ?
For Women love the Rakes around,
Who knowing are, if they're but sound ;
And awkward ign'rant Swains they scorn,
'Tis These that well deserve the Horn,

Wh

Who know not how to use the Sex,
 Like Drones they only serve to vex;
 Nor can their doting Love distinguish,
 To tell my Mind, in plainest *English*,
 Betwixt a Kitchen-Wench and Madam,
 Or *Eve*, the Consort of old *Adam*.

BUT not to dwell on this, we'll trace
Palemon to the Sacred Place;
 To Church he goes, with pious Look,
 A Bible and a Prayer-Book;
 Resolv'd he wou'd religious turn,
 And for his vicious Courses mourn;
 But here he saw Devotion mock'd,
 Altho' with Folks the Pews were stock'd:
 Here *Phillis* gay, with heaving Breasts,
 And wanton Lure her Lover feasts;
 Some laugh, some sleep, amidst the Crowd,
 More Noise some make than Parson loud;
 Some take their Walks both to and fro,
 As those who to *Exchanges* go;
 The Hypocrite has here a Seat,
 This qualifies to play the Cheat:
 Here Courtiers take the Bread and Wine,
 And Usurers with Courtiers join;

For

For these, rather than Office want,
 Will preach, will lye, will pray, or cant;
 Their Consciences all Points will fit
 Upon the Compass, where they meet;
 And whether they have, or have not,
 (Which is, alas! too soon forgot)
 Religion, they'll still be in Place,
 So it is found the self-same Case.

HERE 'twas *Palemon* had in view
Celia the gay, the youthful too;
Celia, who has an Air and Mein,
 That conquers all by whom she's seen;
 A Form all o'er so wond'rous fine,
 An Angel's Face, and Shape Divine:
 'Twas her the Youth *Palemon* ey'd,
 And strait the Books are laid aside;
 To her he Adoration paid,
 Like those before he did upbraid;
 The Doctor, here admir'd by some,
 His Text spun out on Cuckoldom;
 No wonder when a Cuckold teaches,
 That he on such a Subject preaches;
Palemon thought the tedious Hour,
 In length, at least full twenty-four;

And

And till the Preacher said *Amen*,
 He did his lovely *Calia* ken :
 But now amongst the Crowd of People,
 Who had been underneath the Steeple ;
 He, looking round, was straitway crost,
 His Charmer dear amidst 'em lost ;
 No *Calia* gay cou'd he discover,
 He's left just like discons'late Lover,
 But Home he goes, resolv'd to steer,
 At ev'ry publick Place t'appear ;
 That he wou'd see the Town about,
 But he'd his lovely Fair find out.

SOME Weeks had past, 'twas in the Fall,
 Count *Heydiker* prepar'd a Ball,
 Where Dutcheesses e'en dance like Witches,
 And Ladies prostitute their B——s ;
 A Countess, of the strongest Savour,
 May gain a Lord or Footman's Favour ;
 An Orange-Wench, here's dainty Food,
 (For we are all but Flesh and Blood)
 For Duke, or Marquiss, noble Baron,
 Who can his Belly fill on Carrion ;
 Here all's revers'd, turn'd topsi-turvy,
 And no one fears the Clap or Scurvey.

A Cobler is as great as *Harry*,
Who made the *Romish* Cause miscarry :
A Duke has here a Porter been,
And all are in Disguises seen ;
Like Robbers, who have all their Paces,
Here Ladies durst not shew their Faces ;
And oft, at which it is not wonder'd,
Virginity and Virtue's plunder'd :
Here *Heydiker* picks up his Corns,
And *Husbands* get their sprouting Horns.

PALEMEN gay here sought the Fair.
But lovely *Calia* was not there ;
Then to the Theatre took flight
In Coach, to find his Mistress bright.
He there survey'd the House around,
Where Belles and Beaux are always found ;
Where Ladies go to shew their Clothes,
Their Skins and something else expose ;
Fond Wives their backward *Husbands* carry,
To shew 'em for what 'tis they marry.
'Tis here we see the comick scene
Of * *Ravenscroft* and wanton *Bebn*,
Directs the Spouse to act his Part,
And young Gallants to gain a Heart ;

Much

* London-Cuckolds, *the Rover*, &c.

Much is requir'd, where little's given,
The Husband's learnt the Way to Heaven;
The Business of a constant Wife
Must still be done unto the Life,
Or he must on his Forehead bare
The Ornaments that Cuckolds wear:
Here young *Palemon* sought in vain
His *Calia* dear, which gave him Pain;
And yet resolv'd he'd further go,
But he'd the beauteous Female know.

HE the next Day, in gilded Coach,
The fam'd *Bellsize* did strait approach,
Where Ladies Bett, and Trinkets lay,
And Gamesters, Lords, Pickpockets play,
A Highway Ruffian throws the Dice,
A Lord there stakes him in a trice;
And if my Lady wins a Sum, *
She's Robb'd when she's returning home,
* State Plunderers here often meet
Their pilf'ring Brethren, and them greet;
The Man of Fortune here is eas'd
Of all his Coin, the Bully's pleas'd;

Then

* *Late South-Sea Directors.*

Then off he goes with ill-got Stores,
 And treats his Mistresses and Whores.
 The Cullies take another Course,
 They shoot themselves, or do what's worse,
 All Mis'ries to a Period bring,
 Some drown, and some unmanly swing.

N O *Calia* here, *Palemon* strait
 Drove on to C—rt, near Palace-Gate;
 But fruitless still his Searches prove,
 No *Calia's* found to ease his Love:
 From hence the Swain did well conclude
 His Mistress virtuous was, not lewd;
 And thence he did in private try,
 To seek the Object of his Joy.

N O T many Days the Sun had shone,
 The Youth had wander'd up and down,
 But on a time he did repair
 To *Gray's-Inn-Walks*, to take the Air,
 And here *Palemon*, looking round,
 His lovely beauteous *Calia* found.
 Her Sight the Youth all over fir'd,
 He by the God of Love inspir'd,
 At once attack'd his Charmer dear,
 And made his Passion great appear;

B

Yet

Yet silent was the Fair a while,
 She'd scarcely give *Palemon* Smile ;
 But after he some time had spent
 In Orat'ry, she did relent ;
 She found that his Address uncommon,
 Was fit for any virtuous Woman ;
 His Person gay, his Sense compleat,
 That he had all the Charms of Wit :
 So, that upon a short Debate,
 (For worst of Ills, Delays create,
 And many Matches always spoil,
 After the greatest Pains and Toil)
 She, resolute, at Sight, agreed
 With *Palemon* to go with speed :
 A Parson there was near at hand,
 Who fix'd the Matrimonial Band,
 And sent them both away in Rapture,
 When he had made an end o'th' Chapter.

THEY the first Night to *Hampstead* haste,
 And there the God-like Pleasure taste ;
 With Pangs he grasp'd his trembling Prey,
 As on the Bed of Love she lay ;
 He's all on Flame (the Fair resigns)
 His panting Breasts to her he joins ;

They

They kiss, they foam, the Minute bless,
Their humid Tongues each other press ;
She glows, she sighs, she holds him fast,
His Arms lock'd round her slender Waste ;
Now Limbs conceal'd in Action move,
She's Transport all, and He all Love ;
Within they feel a mutual Fire,
All Fondness she, he all Desire ;
When Bodies thus are mix'd, we see
He is all Trance, she Extasy :
The tickling Joy then on them steals,
And ev'ry Vein some Transport feels
In Bliss, in Rapture, now they roll,
Each striving for each other's Soul ;
But in the midst of full Desire
Of raging Love, they both expire.

YE Gods ! why did ye condescend,
That Heav'nly Joys should Man attend ;
And they should not Eternal prove,
As those from whence they spring above ;
And not thus in a Moment fly ? ———
But hold ——— *All Men were born to die.*

The



The Dream of VENUS.

*On Dreaming of Venus, supposing my self
in Bed with ———*

LATE in the Night when Bodies rest,
 With Cares of lab'ring Day oppress'd,
 When wand'ring Souls rove to and fro,
 And Heav'n as well as Earth wou'd know,
 Presented to my greedy Sight
 The Goddess *Venus* shining bright ;
 In all her airy Tresses clad,
 It made my longing Soul full glad ;
 I kiss'd, I toy'd, in Love's Abode,
 And took the Freedom of a God :
 Her snowy Waste was join'd to mine,
 Ye Gods ! I stole a Bliss Divine :
 Not *Mars* was e'er in Bed so blest,
 As I was with this Heav'nly Guest.
 This was my Dream—but wak'd with Charms,
 I found my Dearest in my Arms,
 Which cou'd no Disappointment prove,
 For she is like to her above.

The

The Grecian D A M E.

A *Grecian* Dame is thus compleat,
 Her, all admire from Head to Feet;
 Her Face, her Neck, her Shape, and Air,
 All o'er she's seen so wond'rous fair;
 Her Limbs so perfect out of Sight,
 That these wou'd e'en great *Jove* invite,
 To taste the Pleasure of the Night:
 But why do these their Tonsors use,
 To be like other Dames refuse,
 And not be subject to a Scoff,
 Their Ornaments below cut off?
 And here, alas! when that same Place
 Is not well stock'd, it's foul Disgrace:
 But hold——I've hit the Reason for'r,
 In Love they find the deeper Sport.

On

On MAGICK.

THE Magick Pow'r that stirs up Love,
And can th' obdurate Bosom move:
That all subdues, and, with a Grace,
Lays low the Flow'r of Human Race;
Does it with conj'ring *Campbell* well?
(Let *Partridge* or *Poor Robin* tell)
Or with such Substitutes of Hell?
No! 'tis not there, 'tis only found
Where hidden Mysteries abound;
Beneath the Waste of Female Fair
This Magick dwells, that doth ensnare;
Which bath this Charm, as Wantons say,
It can the Spirit raise and lay.

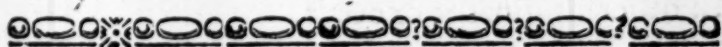
}

*On a long Dash ——— us'd in Poe-
try, &c.*

THIS Dash it means; what does it mean?
Not always what is decent, clean;
If you on Politicks do write
Some Noble Pers'nage is meant by't,

A

A King, a Lord, or Statesman great,
 Some Treason's underneath the Cheat;
 And when you mention what's in Vogue,
 It means, alas! who'd think't? a Rogue.
 If you in Scandal deal that's common,
 A Whore it means, or Son of no Man;
 If you on Wantonness descant,
 It means those Parts which Females want;
 And when intriguing Lovers Fall,
 The Seat of Bliss it means—that's All——
 Thus large this means (let all instill it)
 In ev'ry Sense, and none dare fill it.

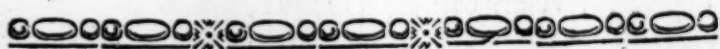


The TOOL.

OF all the Working Tools in Life,
 That Tool is best which fits a Wife;
 Of strange Materials made we find,
 And to Reverses oft inclin'd;
 'Tis hard, 'tis soft, and bar Disgrace,
 It thus is chang'd in Moment's Space;
 'Tis long and short, both rough and smooth,
 Some Females it alone can sooth;

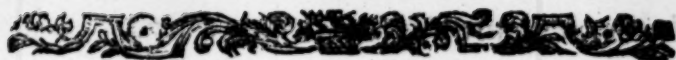
When

When Husbands and their Wives fall out,
 (All is made up with t'other Bout)
 For this it is a kind Release,
 And the best Instrument of Peace:
 And 'tis no less by this we prove
 The pleasing Pow'rful Tool of Love.



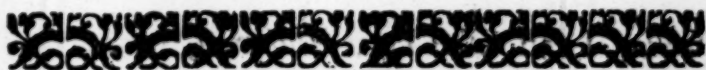
The Water-Engine.

A Female Engine 'tis, you'll say,
 That I thus lively here display;
 All other Engines it exceeds,
 It does those mighty wond'rous Deeds;
 It's Water, mix'd, is of such worth,
 It procreates, and Man brings forth:
 But when you well this Engine try,
 It draws the Lover's Water dry,
 It has a Well that ne'er has been
 Home-fathom'd, yet all venture in;
 Tho' sometimes this will burn like Flame,
 When in the Hands of vicious Dame;
 It is the Mover of Desire,
 First kindles, then puts out Love's Fire.



On Family-Government.

THAT Man who is not deem'd a Fool,
 All other Parts but one can rule;
 And this is to the Wife resign'd,
 (Our Husbands prove thus very kind)
 Who keeps it under at her Leisure,
 When'er she tastes the Marriage-Pleasure:
 But yet 'tis——what I dare not name,
 That governs o'er the wanton Dame.



On the Race of Man

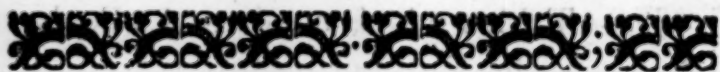
An EPIGRAM.

ADAM and Eve, both sinn'd of old,
 As in the Holy Scripture's told;
 And still thro' every Age has ran
 Their Sin, e'er since the World began:

C

The

The Serpent prov'd frail *Adam's* Evil
Which *Eve* beguil'd, and not the Devil;
Or surely we're a Cursed Race,
If *Satan* stole the first Embrace.



*The Lover's Interrogatories; or Com-
plying Cælia.*

Philemon.

COU'D you, my Dear, be truly kind,
For me find room within your Mind,
My fondest Love for you return?

Cælia. I can, like Dear *Philemon*, burn.

Phile. I'm all Desire, is't you my Dear,
Can to your Swain prove thus sincere?
Yet must I ask some Questions few.

Cælia. Go on—my Dear, I'll answer true.

Phil. Suppose yourself in Bed, my Spouse,
And I shou'd with Love's Passion rouze,
Wou'd you, my Dearest, low submit?

Cælia. My Dear--I wou'd--your Passion meet.

Phil.

Phil. Will you, when I upon you steal,
To Beauties which your Sex conceal,
Will you then from your Lover go?

Calia. I won't—I will—my Dear, no! no!

Phil. Can'st thou the Game of Love pursue,
Do all that Womankind can do,
Do ev'ry thing——with me comply?

Calia. I will, my dear *Philemon*, try.

Phil. Can you, my Life, with Pleasure yield
To Dangers of God *Cupid's* Field;
Can you a heavy Burden bear?

Calia. O Dearest *Phil.* don't fear!

Phil. Our first Night you'll not me forsake,
Altho' I shou'd all Freedoms take;
You'll not my *Calia* run away?

Calia. No, no, no, no! my Dear, I'll stay.

Phil. Will you, not taking aught unkind,
Surround my WASTE like Ivy's bind,
Eternally your Lover kiss?

Calia. Your're safe, my Dearest, yes, yes, yes!

Phil.

Phil. Can'st thou, if I should fickle prove,
Unconstant be in Bands of Love,
Can you from your *Philemon* start?

Celia. I'll have you all--for you've my Heart.

Phil. Will you unsulli'd still remain,
Ne'er give your dear Admirer Pain;
Will ye not with an Air controul?

Celia. No, Dearest Swain! you have my Soul.

Phil. Since you're to ev'ry Question kind,
Thus to your longing Swain inclin'd;
You'll yield to what I ask of you,
I'm yours, we'll now Love's Game pursue

Celia. Let us--to Bed, Dear, do, do, do,

F I N I S.

THE
SECOND PART
OF

Pleasure for a Minute.

CONTAINING

The Spirit: or, Cupid's Apparition. The Lover's Battle. Nature: or, Love uncontroul'd. The Bottomless Pitt. The Destiny of Love. Unconstant Lover. Commodities of the New Exchange.

WITH

Other LOVE-POEMS.

Amor omnibus idem——

VIRG.



LONDON: Printed for A. DODD, at the Peacock without Temple-Bar, M.DCC.XXX.

The CONTENTS.

<i>THE Spirit; or, Cupid's Apparition.</i>	pag. 23.
<i>The Lover's Retirement.</i>	24.
<i>A Love-Song.</i>	25
<i>Love and Cupid.</i>	27
<i>The Lover's Battle.</i>	28
<i>The Vision of Pleasure.</i>	30
<i>Nature; or Love uncontroul'd.</i>	32
<i>The Bottomless Pit.</i>	33
<i>Advice to Cælia.</i>	33
<i>Beauty no more.</i>	34
<i>Strephon again himself.</i>	35
<i>The Modish Lover, or the Unconstant.</i>	36
<i>Commodities of the New-Exchange.</i>	37
<i>Naked Buff; or the Downfall of the Calicoes.</i>	
<i>A Song.</i>	42, &c.



Miscellany POEMS.

The Spirit : or CUPID'S Apparition.

UPON a Time, as Fame reports,
When all love Mirth and rural
Sports,
Around the Pole the Dancers gay,
Proclaim the beauteous Month of *May* :
And Gaiety and Love are seen
Through ev'ry Village, ev'ry Green :
'Twas then that *Calia*, rambling, found
Her Swain asleep upon the Ground ;

She

She view'd him o'er from Top to Toe,
 And fain the hidden Joy wou'd know :
 She sigh'd, she long'd the Charm to taste—
 At length displays young *Strepbon's* Waste :
 'Tho' nought she finds, the Swain, with Art,
 Beneath had hid what gains a Heart :
 But as she touch'd the Skin hard by,
 Love started out as from the Sky ;
 She saw the Apparition good,
 A Spirit was of Flesh and Blood,
 Then took him to Apartment near,
 Where he should only thus appear ;
 And, like a modern skilful Bride,
 This Spirit to dark Room did guide ;
 For Spirits they're confin'd to Night,
 And shou'd be ever out of Sight.

The Lover's Retirement.

To my Mistress.

TO yonder Grove let us retire,
 There satisfy our Soul's Desire ;
 Ten thousand Kisses I'll bestow,
 Which shall a gen'rous Passion show ;

'Tis

'Tis softest Kisses that impart,
 And make a Passage to the Heart;
 The live-long Day we'll sport and toy,
 At Night the greater Bliss enjoy,
 My Arms around thy Waste shall twine,
 Thy Taper Limbs encompass mine,
 And ev'ry Part in Love shall join;
 Each fondly struggling to outdo,
 We'll mingle Souls and Bodies too;
 Thy darting Eyes, my Dear, shall meet
 With mine, when we each other greet;
 Thy Coral Lips no more shall pass,
 Thy heaving Breasts my Flame increase,
 Those Ivory Globes and snowy Charms,
 Shall make me melt within thy Arms;
 In blisful Shades with thee I'll rove,
 Through ev'ry Labyrinth of Love.
 Ne'er cloy'd with Heav'nly Joys so great,
 Th' Enjoyment dear we'd oft repeat;
 With thee alone I'd not despair,
 Nor envy Gods their *Venus* fair.

D

A

A Love SONG.

I.

WHEN *Calia*'s kind,
 To her inclin'd,
 The Power of Love we prove;
 With *Cupid*'s Chain
 We strive in vain,
 All Men were born to love.

II.

Her Face so fine,
 And Shape Divine;
 When *Calia* rolls her Eye,
 At ev'ry Dart
 She strikes a Heart,
 When she's unkind we die.

III.

Cease, *Calia* Dear,
 In Crowds t'appear,
 To wound the Gazers on;
 Be always kind,
 Or still confin'd,
 Or the whole World's undone.

Love

Love and CUPID.

BEauty and Love once fell at odds,
 And thus revil'd each other;
 I am, says Love, one of the Gods,
 But thou wait'st on my Mother:
 Thou hast no Pow'r, Great *Jove* can see't,
 But what I gave to thee;
 Nor art thou longer fair or sweet,
 Than Man acknowledge me.

Away, fond Boy, then Beauty cries,
 We know that thou art blind;
 For Men have knowing piercing Eyes;
 My Graces all to find:
 'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
 And call'd thee blind Desire;
 I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,
 And Wings to kindle Fire.

Love then in Anger fled, forlorn,
 And thus to *Vulcan* pray'd,
 That he would tip his Shafts with Scorn,
 To punish this fair Maid:
 So Beauty ever since hath been
 But courted for an Hour;

To

To love a Day, is now a Sin,
Against God *Cupid's* Pow'r.

The Lovers Battle.

PRITHEE take away the Light,
Shines too bright,
Venus' Sports suit best by Night.
Canopy'd in Bed we being ;
Feel and sport,
Feel and sport,
Must not be seeing.

Blushes it does cause to rise,
By thine Eyes,
Which thy Courage doth surprize,
And it adds a Bar to yielding ;
Since that Sport,
Since that Sport,
Consists in Feeling

Dark it is, now let us try.
Flat I lie,
And thy Vaunting do defy ;
My Life, 'tis fit, if you dare venture,
Sir, charge home,

Sir,

Sir, charge home,
If that you Enter.

How now, Foe, at first so hot,
Sure you'll not
Gain the Conquest to your Lot ;
Do your worst, force me asunder,
None shall help,
None shall help,
Though I lie under.

Well fought, my Foe, so thick and true,
'Tis my Due,
Home I'll strike as well as you ;
O how ev'ry Joint is willing,
In this Fight,
In this Fight,
I'll ne'er fear Killing

How now, Youngster, what retreat,
Are ye beat ?
That you can't maintain the Feat,
O this War is so delighting !
I'll but breathe.
I'll but breathe,
And then to Fighting.

Prithee

Prithee come charge once again,
 Strike amain,
 For our Weapons breed no Pain,
 In this War I'll die a Martyr :
 If you faint,
 If you faint,
 I'll give you Quarter.

The Vision of Pleasure.

SHE lay all Naked on her Bed ;
 And I my self lay by ;
 No Veil nor Curtain there was spread,
 No Covering but I.
Her Head upon her Shoulder seeks
 To lean in careless wise ;
 All full of Blushes are her Cheeks,
 Her Wishes in her Eyes.

The Blood still flushing in her Face,
 As on a Message came ;
 To shew that in another Place,
 Is meant another Game.
 Her ruddy Lips moist, plump, and fair,
 Millions of Kisses crown ;

Which

Which ripe, uncropt, hang dangling there,
 And weigh the Branches down.
 Her Neck and Breasts, that swell so high,
 Wou'd lead Men to despair;
 And all the World I wou'd defy,
 For such a Heav'nly Fair:
 Her Thighs, and Belly, so compleat,
 To me at first were shown,
 To've seen such Meat, and not have Eat,
 Wou'd anger any Stone.

Her Knees lay up, but gently bent,
 And all was hollow under;
 As if on easy Terms she meant
 To fall, unforc'd, asunder:
 Just so the *Cyprian* Queen did lie,
 Expecting in her Bower,
 When too long Sport had kept her Boy
 Beyond his promis'd Hour.

Dull Clown, quoth she, why dost delay
 The proffer'd Blifs to take?
 Canst thou not find the easy way,
 Similitudes to make?
 Mad with Delight, in this Extreme,
 I threw my self about her;
 But Pox on't! it was all a Dream,
 And so I lay without her.

Nature

Nature ; or, Love uncontroul'd.

NOW Conscience thou art fled and gone,
The only Clog to Man's Delight,
Religion which we doted on,

And hinder'd Woman's Appetite :
We now are all let loose by Fate,

T'enjoy the Freedom of our Nature ;
VVe thank the Mercy of the State,

That lets us thus enjoy the Creature.
Nuptials are grown but Things of form,

A Trick to keep a VVoman chaste,
The Grandees look upon't with Scorn,

Their Daughters will not be strait-lac'd :
No, Ladies, no, you're Man's Delight,

And Man is yours ; why shou'd you be
Debar'd from taking of your Right,

VVhen e'ery Creature is set free ?

He that Loves most hath most of VVit,
And she's most lovely that Loves most ;
Affection is a Love-sick Fit.

In time 'tis taken, or 'tis lost.
Come Ladics, we'll enjoy each other,

The pleasing Feats of Love rehearse,
VVhen one is gone we'll take another,

And frolick all the Universe. *The*

The Bottomless Pit.

A Pit there is so wond'rous deep,
 That none durst venture, therein peep,
 No Ocean is this Pit, we find,
 Nor Cavern made by Blast of Wind;
 No *Eden's* Hole, nor *Ætna's* Lake,
 Nor is it *Devil's Arse in Peak*;
 It is no dang'rous Mouth of Hell,
 But it destroys all Youths as well.
 It does not lie nor *East* nor *West*,
 Or *North* or *South*——but where 'tis guest.
 Then where's this wond'rous Pit?---it lies
 Betwixt the fair *Belinda's* Thighs.

Advice to Cælia.

VIRGINS think on it, and consider,
 Now fully ripe and fully grown,
 That the sweetest Rose will wither,
 If not cut as soon as blown.

Fy! *Cælia* fy! be not so stupid,
 As to lead old Apes in Hell,

E

Since

Since there is a little *Cupid*,
That can do the *Feat* so well.

Think not then to Love at leisure,
Whatsoe'er grave Matrons talk:
But now reap the Sweet of Pleasure,
E'er it rot upon the Stalk.

Take Example by thy Mother,
When she was in her early Prime;
If Thou wilt be such another,
Pierce thy Maidenhead betime.

Maidens Charms are made for Bedding,
As a Fiddle to the Dance;
Or our Needles are for Threading,
As the Ring for tilting Lance.

Beauty no more.

WELL, well, 'tis true,
I now am fall'n in Love,
And 'tis with You;
But still I plainly see,
Whilst you're enthron'd by me above,
You all your Art and Pow'r improve
To Tyrant over me; An

And make my Flames the Center of your
(Scorn,
Whilst you rejoyce and feast your Eyes,
To see me thus forlorn.

But yet be wise,
And don't believe that I
Do think your Eyes
More bright than Stars can be ;
Or that your Face Angels outvies,
In their Celestial Liveries,
'Tis all but Poetry ;
I would have said as much by any She :
Thou art not Beauteous of thyself,
But art made so by me.

Though we, like Fools,
Fathom the Earth and Skies,
And drain the Schools,
For Names t'express you by ;
Outrant the loudest Hyperboles,
To dub you Saints and Deities,
By *Cupid's* Heraldry ;
You are but Flesh and Blood as well as Men,
And when we will can Mortalize,
And make you so again.

Strephon

Strephon again himself.

I.

WHEN first before bright *Calia's*
 (Feet I lay,
 I thought it Herefy to look astray,
 From her Divinity;
 But now I've let loose mine Eyes,
 I'm glutt'd with Variety,
 And see there are,
 Others as Fair,
 That have Humanity;
 So that her Face can only move,
 And I can Live altho' she cannot Love.

II.

That very Charter which hath giv'n her
 (Pow'r,
 To look upon three Servants in an Hour,
 Doth grant the same to me;
 Nature did many Beauties make,
 That Men might at their Pleasure take;
 And he that's wife
 Will take his Choice,

In

In her whole Nursery,
 As Women have their Freedom so have we,
 For *Cupid* hath his Court of Equity,

III.

Had I gaz'd on her still as heretofore,
 A Conscience made of Courting more,
 How had I play'd the Sot?
 I might have done as others do,
 Receiv'd her Scorns, and thank'd her too,
 But now I see,
 There others be,
 Wretched, and know it not,
 He that Confines himself when he is Free,
 Builds his own Goal, and buys his Slavery.

The Destiny of Love.

I Must confess I'm grown in Love,
 Tho' I did think I never should,
 But 'tis with one dropt from above,
 Whom Nature made of finest Mould,
 So good, so fair, so all Divine,
 I'd quit the World to make her mine.

Have

Have you not seen the Stars retreat,
 When *Sol* salutes our Hemisphere,
 So shrink the Beauties, small and great,
 When Heav'nly *Calia* doth appear:
 Were she as other Women are,
 I shou'd not Love her to Despair.

But I cou'd never bear a Mind,
 Willing to bow to common Faces,
 Nor Confidence enough can find,
 To aim at One so full of Graces:
 Fortune and Nature did agree
 No Woman shou'd be fit for me.

*The Modish Lover ; Or, the Un-
 constant.*

I Ne'er yet saw a lovely Creature,
 Were she Widow, Maid, or Wife,
 But strait within my Heart her Feature,
 Painted was unto the Life,
 When out of Sight,
 Tho' ne'er so bright,
 I straitway lost her Picture quite :

For

For in my Breast, this is my Case,
 Instead of Heart's a Looking-Glass.
 Then let no Woman think that ever
 Absence makes one Constant prove;
 When Occasion doth us sever,
 Then can none so truly Love:
 For when we
 Once parted be,
 'Troth we can Court the next we see.

Commodities of the New-Exchange.

WE'LL go no more to the *Old Exchange*,
 There's no good Ware at all;
 Their Bodkins and their Thimbles too,
 Went long since to *Guildhall*:
 But we will go to the *New-Exchange*,
 Where all Things are in Fashion;
 And then we'll have it call'd henceforth,
 The Burse of Reformation.

Come Lads and Lasses what d'ye lack,
 Here are Things of all Prices;
 Here's long and short, here's wide and strait,
 And Things of different Sizes.

Ladies,

Ladies, here you may fit yourselves
 With all sorts of good Pins;
 Sir, here is Jet, and here is Hair,
 Gold and Cornelian Rings.

Here is an *English* Coney Fur,
Russia hath no such Stuff,
 Which still to keep your Fingers warm,
 Excels your Sable Muff.

Pray, Madam, sit, I'll show you Ware,
 Will fit ye all so pat;
 Against a Stall, or on a Stool,
 You'll ne'er hurt a Cravat:
 Here Childrens Baubles are, Mens too,
 To play with for Delight;
 And Round Heads, when turn'd ev'ry way,
 At length will turn upright.

Here's Dice and Box, and if you please,
 To play at in and in;
 Are Horns for Brows, and Brows for Horns,
 Which never will be seen:
 And here's a Set of Skittle-Pins,
 With Bowls at them to roll;

And

And if you like such Gaming Sport,
Here is my Lady's Hole.

Here's shadow'd Ribband of all Sorts,
As various as your Mind ;
And here's a Windmill, like yourselves,
Will turn with ev'ry Wind :
And here's a Church of the same Stuff,
Cut out in the New Fashion ;
Hard by's a Priest stands twice a Day,
To please his Congregation.

Here Patches are of ev'ry Cut,
For Pimples and for Scars ;
Here Planets are and wand'ring Signs,
And some of the Fix'd Stars ,
All ready gumm'd to make them stick,
There needs no other Sky,
Nor Stars for *Campbel* now to view,
And tell your Fortunes by.

Here are some Presbyterian Things,
To cure 'em of Love's Passion,
Because we read that *Prestor John*
Did Circumcise his Nation :

And here's an Independent Knave,
 Rais'd with the Spirit's Humour;
 And here's cheap Ware that was sequester'd
 For a malignant Rumour.

T'inject fine Powder in your Hair,
 Here is a pretty Puff;
 'Twou'd for a Clyster's Ease serve too,
 Were it fill'd with such Stuff:
 Madam, here are *Pistacha* Nuts,
 Strength'ning *Eringo* Roots;
 And here's preserved Apricock,
 With Stones appendant to't.

Here Perukes are will fit all Heads,
 False Beards for a Disguise;
 Here's what helps Lasses that are bare,
 In all Parts as their Thighs:
 If you'll engage well here ye may
 Take up fine *Holland* Smocks;
 We have all Things that VVomen want,
 Except *Italian* Locks.

Here Gallants are who've Backs like Bulls,
 At first sight can leap Lasses;

And

And bearded Boys hold out like Goats,
 And here are some like Asses.
 Here is your Gallant can outdo,
 Your Usher or your Page;
 You need not go to *Ludgate* now,
 'Till threescore Years of Age.

Madam, here's a *Pragmaticus*,
 VVas *Aulicus* of late,
 And here is an *Usenticus*,
 VVhich Fallacies doth prate !
 And here's an Intelligence too,
 See how they round him throng;
 VVhilst *Melancholicus* alone,
 Stays here to make this Song.

Naked

*Naked Buff; or, the Downfall of
the Callicoës.*

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, Ye Ladies and Peers.

I.

THE Callico Trade,
Which long since has made
Such Damage to Weavers of Stuff;
At length is no more,
But ev'ry poor Whore,
~~Must slip~~ *Must slip* into her naked Buff ——— brave
(Boys,
Must slip into her naked Buff.

II.

'Tis true it is cold
For Young and the Old,
To lay by their Gowns, and the Muff;
But

But now there's a Law,
O strange ! without Flaw,
For Maidens to strip to their Buff——
(brave Boys——&c.

III.

But when they are stript,
By none they'll be whipt ;
And some of our Females, tho' rough,
Spectators will prize
Their Legs and their Thighs,
And like 'em the better in Buff——
(brave Boys——&c.

IV.

A Maid that is young,
Like Swain that's well hung,
A Fortune will gain who has enough
Of Ornaments near,
The Water-course clear,
Like Ivory white as her Buff——
(brave Boys, &c.

V.

The Maiden in Years,
Will strait be in Tears,
Tho'

[40]

Tho' she has her Box of dry Snuff,
Will cause ye to sneize,
When you that same teize,
And kifs her in her thicken'd Buff-----
(brave Boys, &c.

VI.

The Female Ventose,
And Wench that is loose,
Behind her will give such a Puff;
That strait the blue Vapour,
Is seen like a Taper,
When once she is stript to her Buff-----
(brave Boys, &c.

VII.

But all Sorts of Maidens,
The Sober and Haidens,
Will Pleasure yield to some old Cuff;
Who've Spectacles got,
To view the Clove Spot,
And Limbs that are in naked Buff-----
(brave Boys, &c.

VIII.

Let none then repine,
So long as we've Wine, The

The Virgin undress'd, not too rough;
 The Duke and the Peer,
 All Youths will revere,

When Venus appears in her Buff—————
(brave Boys, &c.

IX.

And surely there's no such,
 Of High-Church or Low-Church,
 The beautiful Damsel will huff,
 Who's Make is Divine,
 And Posteriors shine,

When she is display'd in her Buff—————
(brave Boys, &c.

F I N I S.



1897

The Virgin and the Child

The Duke and the Duke's

All Young Men and Women

The Virgin and the Child

The Duke and the Duke's

1897

The Virgin and the Child

The Duke and the Duke's

All Young Men and Women

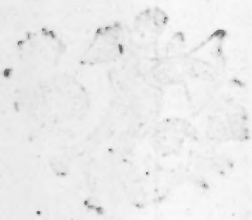
The Virgin and the Child

The Duke and the Duke's

All Young Men and Women

The Virgin and the Child

1897



355750